

In a domestic relation, Allan Wingfield was an unhappy man; his French wife proved to be a very shrew, and her turbulent nature kept Allan in a continual state of perplexity. On several occasions their words resulted in a few smart blows at the tea-table, much to the secret amusement of the laconic Levere. As to where the fault lay, it was out of his province to say; but most probably they were both greatly to blame. It was a most unhappy union; in the beginning their natural dispositions were not qualified to render each other happy, and in after life no effort was made to smooth their natural asperities of temper and quell their heart-burnings and bickering towards each other. There was no union of sentiment; no co-operation upon any point of domestic administration; hence clamorous brawls were of a daily occurrence in their household. They both loved Mammon far better than their vows, pledged years ago at the Altar, and worshipped Gold more than their God, and if domestic jars rendered their life miserable it is not to be wondered at. The French wife was intolerant and Allan found it impossible to live with her, and as their union was an unfruitful one it was doubtless wisdom in the parties to desire a separation. No children hung around them for protection and Allan sued for a divorce. It was an easy matter to show just cause why it was claimed and the judicial tribunal of A—z granted it, together with an alimony of three thousand a year to Allan's wife! This was the worst part of the proceedings in Allan's view and one that gave rise to many bitter regrets on his part; but he complied, if not cheerfully, patiently to this draw on his coffers in order to get rid of his vexatious French wife.

Allan was now rid of what had for some years been a vexatious incubrance, and all his character; he became penurious in the extreme. This had been growing upon him for some time like a cankered disease, and in fact was a fertile source of dispute between him and his wife; for she was of a very proud, aristocratic nature and took great pleasure in making a specious display, which Allan would have gladly united with had it not made such frequent draws upon his coffers. It was a source of great vexation to Allan to see so much squandered in dress, in furniture and in balls, and now having obtained a riddance of the cause of all this, he thought it prudent to make amends for the past by giving full scope to his parsimoniousness which had been held in abeyance to some considerable extent by the extravagant whims of his French wife. With this view he sold off all useless appendages and added his gay mansion to his rent roll, and took lodgings himself in an old house that he owned in a disagreeable portion of the city, so filthy in fact that it had become tenement, so far as human beings were concerned. The house was crowded, but it had in time been a tolerable residence, but at the time Allan took up his abode there it was surrounded with filthy warehouses and lively stables. He had rented it for the last few years at a trifling sum, and at length it became so filthy that no one would occupy it upon any consideration. To this miserable house Allan removed with his faithful servant, Levere, and a cheap cook, where they lived at an expense of six shillings a day. It was a comfortable home, with its bare walls, naked floor and dusty windows; but it served Allan's purpose as a tabernacle where he could worship his gold.

If Levere was dissatisfied with his new home he made no complaint, but patiently continued to serve his master with all assiduity. He occupied a room up stairs where he spent a great portion of his time in silent solitude when not engaged in the active duties he was at times called upon to perform. He was prompt in his attentions to every want of the tender charge left him by the dying woman in the Yellow House, Julia De Vail, who still lived with the kind widow woman where Levere first placed her after the death of her Protectress, and as often as she had need, purses of gold were placed in her hands, which hands so carefully maintained her and the widow with whom she lived. Julia was without the polish of an education, which circumstance did not escape the notice and sympathies of Levere, and he placed her in a celebrated Female Seminary of the city where she made rapid improvement in the walks of Science. Her heart warmed with gratitude towards her kind protector and rejoiced that her departed friend, who she had learned from her dying lips was not what she had once thought—a mother—had confided her to one who took so much interest in her welfare as Levere. When she was engaged in her studies, Levere seemed to take a fatherly interest in her welfare. She was growing to be an accomplished young lady and strange surmises were about respecting the elegant manner in which the Frenchman was supporting her. The mystery that shrouded her birth and parentage gained currency among those who were known to the parties, through the agency of some of Allan Wingfield's tenants of the Yellow House, and it furnished materials for a great deal of city gossip.

Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Commerce, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 13, 1852.

NO. 6.

About the time Allan removed to the old house before mentioned, the Marshal's Police succeeded in arresting a celebrated Bandit in an act of burglary, and confined him in prison. This outlaw had been known for some time as a notorious pest in the city, and a great deal of watching had been on the alert for him, but hitherto his sagacity had eluded their vigilance. He was a notorious character, and so prejudiced was public opinion against him that he had little to hope from the leniency of the law now that he was in its grasp. The day of his trial came and so great was the popular excitement that many were present to hear the trial—Levere was there. The prisoner sat in the seat of the sinful in sullen and careless silence. The evidence against him was conclusive, for he was taken in the act.

During the trial some anonymous letters were read, which were found on his person at the time of his arrest by the Police, and from the tenor of them it was evident that the prisoner was a member of a notorious band of banditti that had infested the country, the city and the highways for years in succession. They all bore anonymous signatures, and one bearing the signature of "MICHER" was first read as follows—leaving out places, names and dates:

"DEAR CAPTAIN:—The affair on the stage-road last week was a superb, magnificent treat—it would have done your heart good to have been in company, but as I have since learned by you were in equally as good a game. The poor devil was a drover from out west, and on his way home, with a full wallet of Uncle Sam's bonds, as we learned from his papers, which we did not take the trouble to ask him for, however. It was just at dusk, most favorable time, and he was whipping up his horse, doubtless having heard that the particular locality he was then in had the reputation of being enchanted ground, and was anxious to reach the city in time for a warm supper; but, poor fellow, he was saved the trouble of eating it; for a ball from my old 'Never Fail' brought him to the ground by striking him rather unceremoniously in the temple—the left—while his horse, a splendid animal, took back the road he had been traveling. We divided the spoils between ourselves, scraped up the bloody dust in the road, threw it in the creek and gave him furnished rooms in the Mountain Cave Hotel, where you can call and make the fellow's acquaintance. The chap with the sky-light in the left temple is the one! A little dispute arose among some of the boys in respect to the bones, which I wish your opinion on me, in this instance? It's a plain case, yet to satisfy the boys I want your opinion.

Yours, in the strongest bonds,
MICHER."

During the reading of this strange epistle by the prosecuting Attorney, the ring of a pin fall might have been heard in the crowded court room; but when it was finished, a storm of long drawn breathings and the restless movements of a thousand feet were heard. The Attorney took up another, old, worn and soiled, similar to the one he had just read, and from it deciphered the following:

"CAPTAIN:—There has been no lack of game in this vicinity of late. We have had an unusual supply, which is perhaps owing to the great number of speculators flocking to A—z. The last affair was a most exciting one; he was a stout, gentlemanly looking fellow, and from some cause I missed my aim and only gave him a slight wound in an intolerable fright; he started full speed in a direction opposite to the one in which I was following, and was stopped on the way by the invincible 'Micher,' who, seeing how the game was going, cut across the 'Nuck,' and threw him in his horse, and when we came up he had him dragged a considerable distance from the road and laid in a most brutal manner stone in his skull—his forehead—with a stone. It was a brutal act and some of the boys cursed Micher for it, but it was all a price with him; you know Micher. The horse was a splendid animal and we were fearful he might tell an unwelcome tale to the citizens, and so Micher, who is never at a loss for an expedient, swam the animal out in the Bay, cut his throat and then swam out himself! Did you ever hear of such a fellow! The chap was carried to the cave about midnight, where we had a considerable dispute which came near ending seriously; for we could only find three dollars and sixty cents for our trouble. Brick-layer swore he believed that Micher had secured the booty before we came up, but whether he did or not we shall perhaps never know. After a good deal of fun and dissipation we hauled out a cask of that old Rye and some of the fellows got most gloriously drunk, and all sobered in a good humor.

Yours,
LIEUTENANT."

When this was read, a murmur of indignation ran round the room, catching like electric sparks from breast to breast, and low anathemas and sayings about The Cave of Skulls were heard here and there, while some enraged and impetuous spirits cried out "Burn him!—burn him!—Meanwhile the prisoner sat careless and indifferent as to what was going on around him. Silence was obtained in the Court-room, and another of the anonymous letters was read by the Attorney:

"CAPTAIN:—A circumstance befel me a few nights ago, which although irrelevant to the interests of the band, I am induced to communicate all that may benefit either directly or indirectly our bandit brothers." A miserable, wretched woman left, or caused to be left, at my door, a helpless infant with gold enough to give it a superb fortune, together with a note requesting protection from the finder. Bah! was it a windfall of luck? Such as don't happen more than once in a lifetime! What did I do? Sent the foundling away minus the gold, by a confidential servant, a capital fellow, and I suppose it is stopping at the Mountain Cave Hotel, as it

once was, or as the popular curiosity now has it, The Cave of Skulls! This I communicate to our private good.

Yours in bonds,
MICHER."

A vehement burst of indignation followed this, and from the farther end of the Court room came up a shrill, piping cry of—The Cave of Skulls! The Cave of Skulls! That strange cry was from Rudolph Levere, who was an interested spectator of the scene. Judgment was pronounced upon the guilty culprit and he was besought by the tribunal to reveal the names of his wicked comrades; but he said:

"Respectable men among you are as guilty as your prisoner—he has been unfortunate—has been caught, and is now ready to be offered a sacrifice to the gods of A—z. Who my comrades? I cannot tell; for I am bound in good faith by an oath which no power in earth or hell can make me break. Wait till like me they are caught, and then you shall know them as they are!"

He was led away and suffered the pangs, the penalty and met the sad doom of the laws he had set at naught—the laws of God and man!

The tribunal ordered out a posse to search the Cave of Skulls, which had been undiscovered for some time, in order to find if possible the remains of the infant alluded to in the anonymous letter, but they could find no trace of it and gave up the search as a futile effort to explain the mysteries with which the whole affair was shrouded. It was evident that the prisoner was the Captain of one of the most notorious bands of banditti that ever infested any country, and the tenor of the anonymous letters fully explained the mystery hanging over the history of the Cave concerning its being the rendezvous of a gang of outlaws. Many other letters and papers were found on the person of the culprit, but they being irrelevant to the purpose of this narrative we shall pass them by unnoticed. Popular conjecture and curiosity was at a high pitch, owing to the developments made by the trial, and suspicion was riveted on many innocent persons as being members of the gang of outlaws; many suspicions were about which gave rise to unpleasant feelings between neighbors and families. Years had passed since the Cave of Skulls was discovered and named by the quarriers and the popular excitement had died away, but now when new light was thrown upon it the excitement was far greater than it was at first, and the old bones at Wingfield's Tavern and the bullet hole in the left temple were again the subject of conversation. What we can gather from the culprit's papers, that the unfortunate man who was shot in the left temple was first placed in the Cave and afterwards, for some reason unknown to us, was wedged in among the stones in the hill side, where he remained undisturbed until he was dug out by the workers in stone. The old tale of Crazy Nelly entertaining the outlaws was revived and set about with additions, to the effect that he had become tired of her and had put an end to her life; while others said they held belief in the sayings of the old hunter, who was now no more, that Crazy Nelly was slumbering in the quiet Lake beneath Ellangowan Cliff. Many conjectures were about hearing upon the revelations that had been developed by the bandit's trial, and the entire city of A—z and the surrounding country was in a flood of excitement.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Miser's secret in the bosom of his Man—Levere's solicitude for the foster-child.

When Levere returned from the court trial, he found his master the miser, sitting at his little table in a large room, with an uncovered head and a large, bushy beard, and a pair of eyes that were dim with age. He was leaning over a large, old, worn, and stained piece of silver he had just received from one of his tenants in the Yellow House. He was bending over his task, occasionally ringing a piece of the shining metal on his table to test its purity. It was his God, and his eyes sparkled as he decided upon piece after piece. Poor, miser! wretch! there he sat alone in his spacious hall that was fast falling to decay, with its bare walls and a thousand cracks and crevices filled with the noise of the spiders and hums of the moth, with its ceiling coated with a venerable dust and looking for all the world like the abode of hollow-eyed Poverty. But in the centre of the room sat a rich man with heaps of glistening gold and bags of silver piled on the little pine table before him—a rich man—the miser of A—z—Allan Wingfield, who, to save his gold, starved himself of the comforts of life, penurious as a land-viper.

Levere found his master in this usual occupation, and stood at the door waiting any orders that might be given.

"So, here at last, Levere," said Allan, "curse your old gray hairs where have you been?"

"To the court-trial of the bandit, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman.

"Ah! and what did you hear, old boy?" enquired Wingfield, assuming an air of gravity.

"A secret," said Rudolph.

"What?" exclaimed Allan.

"The City's secret, Monsieur," said Levere.

"Spee k on, Levere."

"The Cave of Skulls," said Levere in a low cautious tone.

"What!" exclaimed Wingfield starting to his feet.

"The Cave of Skulls!" shouted the Frenchman at the top of his voice.

Allan Wingfield sank into his chair and pulled his old white hairs that had grown bleaker than from age, over his face, and resting his forehead on a bag of silver he drew a long sigh and the Frenchman told what he had heard.

"The servant taught him to be a villain in the same spirit which he had heard before."

"Go on! go on! Levere: tell me what you heard?" said Allan with his face buried among his bags of coin.

"I heard," said the Frenchman lowering his voice and drawing near to where the miser sat, "what an accursed band was the banditti of the Mount in Cave; I heard the secret of that poor fellow whose skull was stove in—the horse with the cut throat—I heard the tale about the founding child and its gold—in short heard all—heard what a cunning devil was that,"

putting his lips close to the miser's ear and screamed—"MICHER!"

"Fool—liar—imposter—driveler—tormenter!" shouted the miser with sweat on his face falling down on his garments in drops, starting with a springing bound to his feet and seizing his carbide pistol in his hand and shaking the Frenchman—on his head no such thing—get out!" And he relinquished his grasp on the servant and let his bay arms fall down at his side.

Levere walked slowly to the door and turned to his master who was standing transfixed in the middle of the room over his gold, and raising his slender finger he wagged it at his master for some time and then said with a pause between words:

"You have heard what I have heard—when these words were uttered, the head of the miser sank on his breast and he stood motionless from what he had heard. The little Frenchman started to unlatch the door, but the miser sprang upon him, overturning the table in his eagerness, while the gold eagles and the ringing pieces of silver rolled merrily over the dusty floor.

"Stop, tormenter," said Allan, as he seized the servant by his slender arm and dragged him back in the room. "Stop, stop; you don't leave here—I will murder you—strange you—stab you—hang you; for you have my secret!"

"The Frenchman laughed immoderately at this and said:

"Yes, Monsieur, and the City's secret."

Allan Wingfield was astounded at what he heard and saw; thousands of gold and silver on the floor and his faithful servant laughing, mocking his agony—he was bewildered. His manner softened, he released his grasp upon the Frenchman and he began to gather the pieces of money together that lay scattered at his feet. The Frenchman helped him and they piled it on the table and tilted the canvass bags.

"You have my secret, Levere," said Allan, after they were done.

"Yes, Monsieur, but no one else has," said Rudolph.

"How's that?" enquired Allan, his face brightening.

"The convict told nothing—his oath, Monsieur, his oath!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Allan delightedly, and he danced over the creaking floor. And the Frenchman laughed too in his shrill, piping, effeminate tone.

"How did you get the secret, cunning devil?" enquired Allan.

"That letter of 'Micher's' concerning the founding and its gold, was found on the convict, and was read in open court. I knew my name, but no one else did. Listen, Monsieur, what did I do? Sent it away mixed with the gold, by a confidential servant, a capital fellow, and I suppose it is now glowing at the Mount."

"Was it a capital, Monsieur? I felt tickled, because I knew more than any one else did. I carried the founding and half the gold away! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

When Allan heard this he locked his bony fingers over his forehead and groaned painfully. He arose, paced the room distractedly and after a time stopped before the Frenchman who was standing near the table carelessly smoothing down his coarse gray locks:

"You have my fearful secret, Levere," said the miser, looking his servant in the eyes earnestly. The singular creature laughed heartily at the earnestness of his master and said:

"I know it!"

"Does any one else know it, tormenter?"

"No one should know it," said Levere.

"Do you swear it, Levere?"

"Before Heaven I swear no one knows it from your servant!"

"What will seal your thin lips, wretch?"

"Gold! Gold!" shouted the avaricious little Frenchman, dancing over the room—"Gold! Gold! Gold!" and his eyes sparkled.

The miser threw piece after piece to him, which he gathered and cried for "more—more gold!" and the miser grew excited and turned on his heel and went to the table with a curse on his ghastly face for his shining God. He threw the bag of him—it fell with a clanking crash at his feet—the miser cursed his servant as he stooped to pick it up and bid him depart from his sight, and as he went he laughed and said:

"When the world learns your secret let the name and memory of Rudolph Levere perish in the earth!"

The miser sank in his chair and wept, while Levere sought his room with his strange, piping, shrill, half-idiotic laugh ringing through the halls of the old, desolate, moth-eaten house of the miser. An hour after and the pattering feet of the Frenchman were heard on the stairs on his way to the widow's, with a purse of Allan's bribe to see if his charge, the tender Julia De Vail, was in need of anything to make her more happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Chancellor.

Duchanal Academy.

I take this method to call the attention of the public to the institution, pleasantly located in the most thriving part of the metropolis. It has been in successful operation upwards of fifty years, and its advantages over other academical institutions are perfectly superior. Since the opening of this school, thousands of young men have qualified themselves in the pugilistic branches. By the aid of the diabolical apparatus, pupils easily learn the art of debauchery, and become profound actors.

I will engage to tutor the most backward struggling to a thorough knowledge of gambling and pilfering. By my mode of instruction, lying can be taught in three evenings. I have taught those unaccustomed to any other than the English language, in one week to talk without sense, and the most timid to swear with impunity.

Tuition fee moderate in the foregoing branches—murder, suicide, and halberdship—persons who desire, for a small additional charge,

N. B. All the elements of damnation furnished at the institution, at a reasonable rate.

Pupils can enter at any season of the year, as this institution knows no vacation.

LUCIFER.

Tapered, Sept. 25th

It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side, than to see an estate of ten thousand a year.

The Last Stroke of Fortune.

Twenty years ago, an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens was born, A. D. 1577. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoe-maker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garret, the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the old gentleman, who went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, but he hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she should not want any thing more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything, it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the best of anything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short 'Good night,' groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice enquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples which will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man had provided, was left only covered up in his bed, and alluded to that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; she then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed she should endeavor to leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken it is certainly the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them. "Pardon!" said he, "why this is Mascalini. What are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must indeed be altered."

Mascalini had, however, whispered a single word in the duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself he hastily uncovered and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," he said; "but my eyes are growing so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you."

"For the love of God interrupted the lady, hastily, 'name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth, and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your adventures from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched traitor?"

"He is in the zenith of his power!"

"See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I once the Queen of the night-mare nation in the universe; and now both of us alike. But adieu," she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my lord duke, has refreshed me much and I pay that fortune once more may smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features, as she answered, with a gentle commanding tone—

"Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning, a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascalini; she had a small packet for him; and also a billet. Inside this was distinctly written:

"Two hundred louis d'ors constitute the whole of my present fortune, one hundred I send for your use. GUISE."

And the packet contained a hundred louis d'ors.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years. But the last louis had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his

wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la Chapelle to take up some small legacy. It was on the 13th of February, 1642. A low sound of mourning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a wretched female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh, and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans were more and more indistinct; a slight rattling in the throat was all that was left of the dying sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man dressed in rags and tatters, entered the chamber. One only word had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the fatal staircase—'Nothing! nothing!' He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried—

"Dead, dead, of hunger, cold, and starvation!"

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella Queen of Spain, of Henrietta Queen of England, of Christina Duchess of Savoy, of Gaston Duke of Orleans, dead of hunger, cold, and misery; and yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu his mother's murderer, is still called 'The Just'.

The Wit of a German Lawyer.

There are many stratagems in war, and as many, it may well be said, in love and in law. I have outwitted parental affection, but I have never won a case where law so effectively shielded Hyman as related in a Bavarian journal. The translation may not be so good as Dr. Kraiser might give, but runs to the effect that a young man of Nuremberg, who had no fortune requested a lawyer, a friend of his to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire—The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"'Tis well," replied the lawyer, 'would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?'

"Not for the world."

"'Tis well," replied the lawyer, 'I had a reason for asking.'

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said:

"I have inquired about this man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place, though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

WOMEN AT HOME.

Heaven did not intend women to be inmates of boarding houses. They are out of their element in all such abiding places. There are erratic exceptions to the general rule, but the true woman, the true woman, is happy. Her heart more than her head, marshals her way that she should go—Her affections, her wisely and motherly love, instruct her intellect, sharpen her perception, and give force, energy and precision to her plans and purposes. Such a woman pratech not for her sex's rights—mourneth not over its wrongs. She covets not the double-barrelled garments, demands not a seat on the bench, a post in the State, or a vote through the ballot box.

Content with the position assigned to all women by the Almighty at the creation, and which the prophets, patriarchs, apostles, and the Saviour himself have declared to be the most meet and secure for the weaker vessels, the good wife in her attempts to overstep the limits of her appropriate sphere, but makes that sphere a charmed circle, within which the husband and father is disordered of his business cares and enjoys a fullness of placid happiness, which the outside world can neither give nor take away. Fortunate is he who hath such a woman to wife; for she shall not only smooth the roughness of his earthly journey, but lead him gently by the hand towards Heaven.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

The Christian Inquirer, of this city, has been making some experiments which are at least quite novel and curious, and so singular, without that any body can repeat and verify them. We copy them as follows:

A friend told us, the other day, of a very curious experiment, which led us to try others equally curious, with the same success. His experiment was this: Take a gold ring, and suspend it by a thread about half a yard long; then hold it by the thumb and finger of the right hand over the palm of the left hand, so that the ring in a swing freely as a pendulum; it will oscillate to and fro in the direction of the arm, with increasing force. Then let another person form a connect on between the thumb and forefinger of the operator's left hand by his own thumb and finger; the motion of the ring will change from a straight line to a circle at once, and on the withdrawal of the connection it will return to a straight line; and on touching the operator's left shoulder with the hand, the motion will cease and the ring be at rest.

"We tried the experiment successfully, and found that it would succeed equally with a key instead of a ring, or with any body of proper size, similarly suspended, whether of metal, or wood, or glass. We found, also, that if suspended over the knees, the pendulum would swing from knee to knee, and immediately begin to revolve as soon as the feet were brought together. Suspended over the heart, the pendulum revolved of itself in a circle of considerable diameter; and over the forehead it revolved in an opposite direction from its course when held on the back of the head."

These experiments vary somewhat with different persons; yet, with greater or less force, they seem to follow the same law in nearly all cases. What does it mean? The force is not electrical, for it acts as well through non-conducting as through conducting bodies, and a silk instead of a cotton thread makes no difference in the result. It is not mere imagination, for there is too much uniformity in result to favor that supposition. In some cases the revolution is in an orbit, a foot in diameter, if not more."

Can anybody explain the why and wherefore of these phenomena?

MAINE ON THE MAINE LAW.